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Men Think

they know all about Mustang Liniment. Few do. Not to know is not to have.

## Many a Lady

is beautiful, all but her skin; and nobody has ever told her how easy it is to put beauty on the skin. Beauty on the skin is Magnolia

FOR OUR YOUNG READERS.

A FOOR LITTLE CAT. I'm a poor little ally cat; I know what is meant by "gest-" know when a stone comes whirling, fly

I know my naws are black And leave a dirty track: That dingy strengs of sout and ashes Are on my breast and back. But I hate the grime and wet, Like coay places yet to little girl in the world is willing To keep me for a pet.

I suppose it is because They don't like broken paws, And think because I'm ferce and hungry There's danger from mg claws.

But small as I am and young, No pussy ever sing A sweeter purr-song, or could polish Cleaner with her red tengue.

Ob! If some little lady who Loves littens only knew, She in ghit be sled, perinaps, to find me, And glid to keep ine, too. —Clara Dely Bates, in Wide Awake. A COWBOY.

Tommy Teles It for One Day in the Coun try -- He Doesn't Like to Be Called "Texas Bill" Any More. "What would you like to be, Tom-

my, when you grow up," asked Mr. Miggs, turning to his son. Tommy opened one eye, looked nilingly up into his father's face, and replied: "A gowboy."

"You shall be a cowboy," said Mr. Miggs, rubbing his hands; "but you are not large enough and old enough to be one yet. It would be too sudden a change to lift you out of the nurse's lap on to the back of a mustang. I am going to send you out to Benlow's dairy-farm, where we spent a month last summer." When can I go?" asked Tommy.

eagerly. "Just as soon as we can get you ready."
"I haven't a bowie-knife," pleaded

"Never mind that," replied Mr. Miggs; "wait until you have reached that stage of your education that justifies the carrying of a knife. Besides, there are no dangerous characters about Benlow's dairy-farm; but if you want a knife just for the sake of ap-pearances, Mr. Benlow will be happy to lend you his sickle to carry around, as he has no use for it when the ground

covered with snow."
That night Tommy Miggs dreamed himself a cattle king, walking haughti-iy around in a red shirt, top boots, sombrero, long hair and a portable nickle-plated armory madly slining under his coat tail. He dreamed of Bying seroes the prairie like the wind on a mad, impassioned steed, and sbe-ing looked upon as dangerous, and avoided by the stranger.

On the following day he was proud-spirited, and would have little or noth-

ing to say to his companions, and it is only fair to say that they envied him, and regarded him as one born under a lucky star. A day or two later he started for the dairy farm with a light heart. It was not a great distance from the city, and Mr. Benlow was on the lookout for him, as he had received a letter from Mr. Miggs instructing him to create in Tommy's breast such a hatred of cows that he would never after care for roast best.

So when Tommy Miggs arrived, Mr. Benlow was at the station with a sleigh to meet him and drive him out to the farm, which was several miles distant. After they had gone a little way Tommy said: "I've come out here to learn to be a cowboy." "We'll make a cowboy of you before

long." replied Mr. Benlow. "Do you know anything about cows?"

"Nothing," replied Tommy, humbly.
"Well, we'll open your eyes on cowa," said Mr. Benlow. cows, "said Mr. Beniow.

In a short time the sleigh drew up before the Benlow mansion, an old-fashioned farm-house, and Tommy was unhered into the parlor, dining-room and kitchen at once, for these rooms vere in one at Mr. Benlow's.

were in one at Mr. Benlow's.

That night Tommy Migg's supper consisted of salt poix, a glass of milk, some potatoes and a piece of pie. Although he was not exactly satisfied with it, he had the good sense to appreciate the fact that it would harden him for the rigors of a cowboy life if he could only outlive it.

At eight o'clock he went to bed in a large application at the room with no

At eight o clock he went to bed in a large unplastered attic room, with no carpet on the floor, and lumps like cobble-stones in the mattress, and the windows rattling a perfect tattoo in the floree winter wind that shricked withwindows ratting a perfect tattoo in the fisrce winter wind that shrieked without. For a moment he thought of his little sister at home, asleep under a handsome crazy quilt and a roof that didn't leak, with her doll on the pillow beside her, and the nice hursery fire; but he banished this thought instantly, and fell asleep with a thought of gratitude for his rare good fortune. He was awakened at four in the morning by Mr. Benlow's big boots, as that gentleman came in with a candle, and told him it was time to get up to do the miking and get the cans ready for the train. "We'll make a cowboy of you soon," remarked the farmer, cheerfully, as Tommy ruibled his eyes.

Tommy arose rather reluctantly, for the bed was as warm as the room was cold, dressed for the day, and used the paper currain for a towel. He had to blow on his fingers to keep them warm, and when he cost out to the kern he was

on his fingers to keep them warm, and when he got out to the barn he was

shivering.
"Just give each of the cows some hay," said Mr. Benlow.
Tommy did as he was told, being under the impression that he would next be asked to go out and lasso a bull. But he was made sick at heart when he learned that lassess were not used, for the simple reason that every animal on the place would come when called, like

a dog.

As soon as the milk was cannod and sent to the train, the Benlows sat down to breakfast, which consisted of buck-wheat cakes and coffee that seemed no stronger than ordinary hot water. The Graham rolls and mutton chops of his breakfast at home would have been much more palatable, but he didn't grumble. While he was cating on in silence, Mr. Benlow said: "How is Car-lo to-day?"

lo to-day?"
"Very sick," replied Mrs. Benlow;
"and I don't see how we are going to
work the tread-mill for the churning."
"Why, said Mr. Benlow, "we'll let
Tommy run eight or ten miles on it.

It will do him good and improve his So after breakfast Tommy walked on the treadmill until he thought he would go

"We'll make a cowboy of you before long," said Mr. Benlow, as he entered with a smile to see how are and don't rogressing; "so cheer up, and don't reel homesick, for I have something for

you to do that you may anjoy."
"What is it?" asked Tommy.
"It is to break a pair of yearlings to the yoke. We will yoke them and hitch them to a sled, and you can drive as fast as you like."

"That will be fine," said Tommy.
So after duner the steers were brought forth, and yoked and hitched to the sled, upon which Tommy stood as a circus-rider stands on a horse, and

started them.
"We'll make a cowboy of you yet, rang out on his ears as the yearlings started off at full speed. First they darted in one direction, then in another. First Tommy was in the snow and then back on the sled, for the year lings jerked it in every direction, and pranced on their hind-legs, and whisked his hat off with their tails, and tried to jump fences and drag the sle'l after them. Tommy thought there was more snow inside of his clothing than there was on the ground, and when he was completely upset—in more ways than one—by the yearlings, he sat down in the snow and cried, while the

yearlings seem to melt out of sight over the rim of the horizon.

The Benlow boys, who followed, aught the runaways and drove them

At four the next morning Tommy At four tale next morning rolling bliggs was altogether too sore to arise at milking-time. He was also too sore to go down to his breakfast. That night, to make a long story short, he was back home, and has not been away since. It makes him very angry when called Texas Bill, because he has given up his dreams of cowboy life. Tommy is now studying book-keeping, with a is now studying book-sceping, with a view to entering his father's store. He wouldn't be a cowboy if he could; and now the wax doll goes unscalped, the toy babies unmurdered, and the cats and dogs in his vicinity unlassed.—R. K. Munkiltrick, in Harper's Young Beach.

THE TEENS. Youthful Years the Most Important Time

What do you think is the most important time of life? Boys will probably answer: When we go to business, or to college. Girls will say:

When we go out into society, or get married. But I think it is when you are going into your teens. . . After the melted fron is poured into the mold, it is left for a while that i' may take shape. But the first few moments are the most important; for ther the surface of the great iron globule, which comes into contact with the damp sand of the mold, is cooled, and the shape is set. The time after that serves to harden the metal, not to change its form. Life in this world is the mold in which our souls are shaped

for eternity; and the first years after we have begun to think for ourselves, to feel the pressure of right and wrong, to determine duty or indulgence—these first years have more to do with the making of us than all the rest.

Have you been in the Adirondack woods hunting and fishing? If so, you remember that your guide, when he came to the rapids in the stream, did not dash carelessly down it. He stopped the cranky little craft, balanced the boat, got a sure grip on his paddle then let her drift slowly toward the center of the narrow sluice until the skill's nose was in the smooth water which shows that there it is deepest which shows that there it is deepest. Then, with eye and nerve and muscle all working together, he kept her head on, just so, and you shot down the rock-strewn stream as swiftly and ar safely as a water-snake. Ask your guide why he was so careful at the beginning, and he will tell you that if he starts the boat right be can keep her right; but the twisting waters would be too much for him if he did not have her safely in hand at the word "Go!"

safely in hand at the word "Go!" safely in hand at the word "Go!"
Boys and girls entering your teens, you are at the head of life's rapids. Your craft is already catching the drift of strong desires, ambitions, passions. You feel them. They almost affright you sometimes. Have no anxiety except to aim at the very center of what is right, and the purposes which are deepest and purest. Knit the nerves of your strong resolution. Vow to your-self, and to God, who will help you. Then away down life's stresm! It will be exhilarating, grand; all true life is. But take care! For your soul's sake don't drift in among the rocks and whirlpools without the grip. -J. M. Ludlow, D. D., in S. S. Times.

HE WILL RETURN.

The Dimentiles Encountered by a Michigunder in Search of a Wife. The other morning a man with gray hairs and many wrinkles stood around one of the stands in the Central Market for a time and finally offered the keeper a cigar and made some observations about the weather This broke the ice, and by and by the stranger

said: "I want to ask your advice. I live in one of the northern counties. Have been a widower six years. I want to get married again. I came down here to buy some machinery and I've con-cluded to kill two birds with one stone and take a wife back with the ma-chinery. How shall I go to work to find one to-day?"

"It's pretty short notice," replied the stand-keeper.
"I know, but I can't waste much time. I'm worth seven thousand dol-lars, have a mild disposition, and will give some woman a good home."
"Are you very particular as to

looksf "Not very."
"If you could get a woman with a cataract on the left eye, but all right otherwise, would you take her?"
"I think I would. My last wife was cross-eyed, and I don't see why I should be so particular about a cataract."

The stand-keeper looked around for a minute and then snapped his fingers at a girl twenty-three years of ago, who came from a fish-stand

"Katie, come here. This man wants "Yes, sir." "Worth seven thousand dollars, good-tempered, and wants to marry before

'I see, sir." "Will you have him!"
"I can't, sir. I just engaged myself

yesterday."

"Can't you find him some one?"

"Yes, sir. If he will kindly wart until I get somebody to 'tend the stand I'll go with him to a woman who asked me to find her a husband."

"Well, anything else!" asked the stand-keeper, as the man was ready to go.

"No, nothing else. Much obliged for In about an hour he returned, looking a bit downcast, and said:
"Come to see her, she had a broken nose, a short leg and a case of catarrh. I guess I'll let the matter go until I can come down here and spend about two days looking around. That 'll sort o' give me a chance to look over the aristocracy and make a pick."—Detroit Free Press.

THE GREAT CHANCELLOR. Abundant Evidence Shown That He Was a

Wild Young Man. At the Hanoverian university of Gotingen, to which he repaired in 1832, being then a tall, slim youth of seventeen. Bismarcic became notorious as the wildest of a wild race of students.

He was rarely seen in the class-rooms, but he was a little too active in other directions, for during his three terms at Gottingen he fought no fewer than twenty-eight duels, being victorious in all. It is not a little carious, however, that he found great pleasure in his converse with a very different kind of student, John Lothrop Motley, who afterward became as distinguished a writer of history as Bismarck has been

in the making of it.

It is noteworthy that in his Gottingen days Bismarck wagered twenty-five
bottles of champague with an American that Germany would be united in twenty years. Proceeding to Barlin in 1833, the embryo statesman still neg-lected his studies until toward the close of the university carest, when he worked with a will and passed his state examination in law. His mother at this time had already discovered in her son the making of a great diplomate. Having acted for some time as an offi-cial law reporter at one of the Berlin tribunals, and subsequently in the higher capacity of referendary to Aixla-Chapelle, we next find him in the Crown office at Potsdam. He then took his turn at a year's soldiering, pacing at midnight, with musket on shoulder, the terrace of Sans Souci.

Afterward, settling down in Pomer-ania, he accepted a country life as his natural vocation, like Oliver Cromwell. "In fact, not to speak of later resem-blances in their earser, the earlier life of the Pomeranian squire had much in common with that of the Huntingdonshire farmer, albeit the passion for prayer-meetings and equinmunion with the saints might not have been equally strong in both. Bismarck now at tended fairs, sold wool, inspected timber, handled grain, drove hard bar-gains, gathered rents and sat as Deputy in the local diet." His wild ways, his in the local dict." His wild ways, his demon-like rides, and his drinking bouts soon procured for him the name of "mad Bismarck." "He quaffed huge cups of mixed champague and porter, he awote his guests in the morning by firing off pistols clove to their ears, and he terrified his lady contact. sies by turning foxes into the drawing room. Yet this curiously-complex

eing at the same time studied Spi deeply, and it is said Machiavelli also. In 1845 his father died, and Bismarck came in for one of the three Pomeranian family estates, and also the ancestral seat at Schonhausen, to which he now repaired for good. On the 28th of July, 1847, he married Johanna, the dans ter of Heinrich von Pattkamer. This lady was the ideal of a German wife, Bismarck's worst enemies could find no flaw in it, while the Chancellor himself has acknowledged the great debt he owes to his wife for her unceasing sympathy and encouragement in times of grave difficulty. In the same year as his marriage, but a little earlier, Bis-marck was elected as Knight's Deputy for his native arrendissement to the Landtag, or provincial diet, of Prussian Saxony.—London Times.

STRANGE RITES.

The Revolting Funeral Ceremonies Prac-ticed by the Burmans. When a Burmese priest of any not dies, he is embalmed and kept for a year, and then burnt with much rejoicing and festivity. All the inhabitants of the neighboring villages, and even of those far distant, turn out Many dummy coffins arc made, beside Many duminy coffins are made, beside the one containing the defauet. The procession starts from the place where the body has been lying in state toward the place of cromation, which is always at a place some distance off, accompanied by a vast concourse of men, women and children, all dressed in their Sunday best, preceded by a noisy band of wind instruments. On autrocoling the forests to the approaching the funeral pyre, which has already been prepared, the crowd forms into two parties, ropes are at-tached to the bier—a wholed vehicle containing the coffin—front and rear, containing the coffin—front and rear, and a straggle takes place, which much resembles the game known as French and English. Sometimes the coffin is upset, and its ghastly burden thrown out, but generally the struggle is a mere sham, the party behind give way, and the bier is run in amid deafening yells. The coffin is placed over the pyre, which is a mass of dry faggots, in the ceater of which is concealed some gunpowder; to this numerous ropes are attached and sumerous ropes are attached and stretched to a spot beyond the rough palings which surround the place of cremation; to these ropes again are attached rockets, which are lighted and attached rockets, which are lighted and propelled toward the pyre and he or she, who first succeeds in setting it alight, is looked upon as one destined to a happy life. These funeral pyres are very tastefully built and creeted; they consist of inflammable materials, but are as gorgeous as tinsol and bright colors can make them. They are very prettily grouped, and often cost many thousands of rupees. The hubbut and noise are deafening and the dust fearful. Stalls are erected, and a brisk ful. Stalls are erected, and a brisk trade carried on. Everybody is happy and merry, and decked out with all the ornaments they possess, and in their finest apparel. After some hours' jolli-fication, in which women and children freely mix and join, the whole of the structures so carefully and tastefully creeted are burned down, and the erowd goes its way rejoicing. The fellow "phoongies" of the defunct col-lect the ashes of their dead brother, and deposit them in an arm which and deposit them in an urn, which again, if the deceased has been a high priest, is inclosed either in a pagoda or in the bosom of one of the immense images of Guadama, which surround most sacred shrines.—All the Year

The Rights of Inventors.

Rudolph G. Solomon, of Newark, claims to have discovered valuable secrets in connection with the manufacture of Cordovan leather, and fo coloring kangaroo, alligator and snake skins. He employed a bookkeeper and a superintendent, with the understanding that they were not to divulge the

FARM AND FIRESIDE.

-When snow is scarce and the weather freezing, look out for your orchard trees and vines.

-An excellent remedy for hiccough for young and old is granulated sugar moistened with pure vinegar. For an in'ant give from a few grains to a tea-spoonful.-- Toronto Globe.

—Coarse brows paper soaked in vinegar and placed on the forehead is good for sick-headache. If the eyelids are gently bathed in cool water, the pain in the head is generally allayed.—

—For a light tea cake, take one cup of sugar, two eggs, half a cup of melted butter, one and a quarter cups of milk, two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar and one teaspoonful of soda. Add flour enough to make a stiff batter. Bake twenty minutes in a good oven. —Boston A Salamander: Bone a chicken and rub it well all over with cayenne and pounded ginger; put a quarter of a pound of butter in a stew-pan and lay

the chicken in it; let it simmer in the butter until it is quite cooked; lay it on a dish and pour the butter over it, with the juice of a lemon; serve very hot.— The Caterer. -Snow Balls: Core and poel six apples; fill the place where the core was with orange or lemon peel chopped, Allow two tablespoonsfuls of rice to cover each apple and scatter this over, after it is placed in the cloth. Tie

each apple in a separate cloth and boil one hour. Serve with sauce.—Cincin--For ebonizing wood, use half an ounce of copperas and eight ounces of logwood chips. Boil the logwood chips in one gallon of water for half an hour and then add the copperas. The mixture must be applied hot to the wood. Two or three coats will be required. If the obonized wood is to be varnished a little black must be varnished, a little black must be added to the varnish else it will give it

a brown tinge. - Chicago Journal. -Orange snow is delicious when prepared after the following method: An ounce of isinglass is dissolved in a pint of bolling water. It is then to be strained and allowed to stand until it is nearly cold. Now mix with it the juice of six or seven oranges and one lemon.
Add the whites of three eggs and sugar
to taste. Whisk the whole together
antil it looks white and like a sponge.
Put it into a mold and turn it out on

the following day.—Toledo Blade.
—Pium Pudding: Beat thoroughly the yelks of four eggs and stir them into a quarter of a pint of milk; add a quarter of a pound of suct chopped fine, half a pound of fine bread crumbs, half a pound each of stoned raisins and currants, one-eighth of a pound of citron cut into thin peels, one and a quarter gills of sugar, a little nutmeg, powdered cinnamon and mace. Mix all well cinnamon and mace, Mix all well together, adding to the last the white of the eggs beaten to a stiff froth. The in a cloth and boil six hours, turning once in a while, and being sure to keep bolling water on hand to add to that in the kettle when it boils down.—Boston Globe.

GERMAN FARM HANDS.

The Wages They Receive in Some of the Empire's Richest Districts. Consul Dithmar, at Breslau, Germany, has made a report to the Department of State relative to agricultural labor. He says the laborer usually lives upon the estate, and is employed upon it the year round. The working hours are in summer from six a. m. to seven p. m., and in winter from sunrise to sunset. He has free lodging and free fuel, and it is customary also to allow his family the use of 100 square rods of land for raising vegetables. As direct and for raising vegetables. As direct wages he receives per annum \$19 to \$23.80 in cash and 24 bushels of rye, 3 bushels of peas and 14 bushels of wheat. The laborer's wife is bound to work in the field whenever required, and re-ceives for a day's work in summer 12 to 14 cents, and in winter 10 to 12. Of tea, meat and tobacco the farm laborer gets but little. If he smokes a pipe it is but seldom, and his tobacco is unmanufactured leaf. In harvest time he is treated to schnapps to encourage him in his work. A writer on economic subjects estimates that a laborer's family, consisting of himself, wife and five children, under 12 years of age can subsist for \$1.09\ a week, or \$57 a year. Miners and mine laborers receive daily from 521 cents (which is call) 52] cents (which is paid to foremen, engineers and carpenters) to 18½ and 15 cents paid to women and minors. 15 cents paid to women and minors. The average cost of the subsistence of a miner's family, including rent, clothing and taxes amounts to \$122.80 per amum. The rents paid by miners range from 35 cents to \$1.19 per month. Mr. Fox, the Consul at Brunswick, sends a report on agriculture labor in that duchy. The wages paid to agricultural labor depends upon the locality where such labor is employed, being considerably higher in the level than considerably higher in the level than in the mountainous districts. In the

in the mountainous districts. In the former the wages of a man and wife aggregate \$191.25 per annum, while in the mountain districts a man and his wife, assisted by a child, earns but \$184. Men and women earn from 35 to 47 cents hooing, and from 47 to 59 gathering beets. In this latter work children are also employed to cut off the leaves, and a child from 10 to 12 years qld will earn in a period of three or four weeks 24 cents daily. In the matter of beet culture contract labor is sometimes engaged, cash wages beis sometimes engaged, cash wages being from 24 to 30 cents per diem. Often a donation of 11; cents per diem is given, provided the laborer remains steadily at work until the contract expires. Each employe receives from 20 to 70 cents head money upon entering into the contract, and extra hours are paid for at the rate of 2, 3 and 4 cents per hour. As a rule, every five or six work people receive one quart of milk and often one pound of bread per head daily, with coffee in the morning and a warm meal at noon and night, with meat on Sunday.—Washington Cor. N. Y. Sun.

To Prevent Rusting of Iron.

A composition has been invented by an English engineer which is claimed effectully preserve iron from rust, being also usefully applicable to other materials, such as stone and wood, used in conjunction with metal. BOOKS AS FURNITURE.

They Are Admirable Adjuncts to the

Surveyed only from the point of view f their utility as home furniture, ooks have a recognized value. In the mind of the average purchaser, there is usually an apologetic residuum after the accomplishment of his purchase. Carrying his coveted volume home, he casts about for reasons, apologetic and sufficient, which shall lead wife and daughters to condone this unwonted extravagance. If the book be bound, it assumes a more definitely rebuking shape, and he knows that the rigid economy which accepts resignedly the acquisition of a new novel in paper will be suspicious, if not outraged, at the greater permanence and cost of binding.

binding.

It is amusing to hear the excuses made by book buyers with reference to the indulgence of their taste for literature. They were on the train and something was needed to beguile the tedium of the journey, or a birthday anniversary was about to recur, and a book was not only cheap, but might be read by several in the household beread by several in the household be-sides its possessor, or—and let it be confessed that the last is the most frequently assigned reason—the book was offered at a bargain some cents below its advertised price. To the multitude any article offered on sale at ninetynine cents appears fabulously cheap in comparison with its neighboring arti-cle at one dollar. Ladies ingenuously own their preference for saving the odd cents, and the baxar which holds the trump card is the one which offers the number of wares for seventy, or eighty or ninety-nine cents.

or ninety-nine cents.

Seriously, there is nothing so inexpensive, its real value, its perennial interest and its external charm all
weighed against its eash price, as a
book and a bound book. We do not underestimate the convenience of cheap issues in paper, but their only use after they have been read is to lend or to give away. They are simply rubbish and impediment in the eyes of the neat housekeeper, and justly so. Far better these than none: still, in these days of these than none: still, in these days of fuxurious typography, exquisite illustrations and daintily-perfect binding, a well-bound book is a thing of beanty and a joy forever. In itself it is a miniature art gallery. It helps you in the entertaining of guests. It offers a theme for conversation. It tends to the fostering of refinement in the children. It diffuses around it an atmosphere as distinctly clevating, if the book be good—and bad books should never be admitted into the home—as the air of health which blows cheerily from the mountains or the sea. It drives simulations and the season of the mountains or the sea. It drives cannot mountains or the sea. It drives cannot away; it stimulates to activity. Any teacher will testify to the fact that his most intelligent pupils are the bookish pupils—the girls and boys who are accustomed to handling books and living in their good company.

But, conceding all this, admitting that the everlasting borrowing of books is as much a mistake in manners as should be the borrowing of coats, or yests, or gowns, or gloves, we present

vests, or gowns, or gloves, we present an argument which shall irresistibly appeal to the frugal mind.

Books furnish. They furnish in the same manner that drapery and pictures and bric-a-brac do. After you have possessed yourself of the bare necessides, the carpets and chairs, and tables and bedsteads, and when you begin to think of adornment and decoration, every penny you expend in books is an investment which will return you large interest. Furnish a house in the extreme of the upholsterer's art, without regard to the money spent, omitting books, and your house shall resemble a statue waiting for the soul. The backs of books on the shelves, books on the center-table, books tempting hand and eye, as the caller in the parior awaits the advent of the hostess, are all useful the advent of the hostess, are all useful in filling up what we may style the properties of the home. You may make a mistake in buying silver or glass. Your other furniture may find itself in the wake of a departing fashion; your pictures may be inharmonious, or you may pay too much for them in proportion to the merit, but the modest book, continuous accurate all will well worth. costing comparatively little, well worth even if it cost much, the price of sev eral desserts and of two or three pounds of candy, will, merely as furniture, reward you by its vindication of your taste and its quality of inherent vitality. Therefore good mater-familias encour-age the household book buyer.—Home Fournat.

A PEDESTRIAN WONDER.

The Remarkable Walking Feats Perform by a Norwegian Sallor. The pedestrian feats of the present day are cast into the shade by the recorded exploits of Ernst Mensen, a Norwegian sailor in the English navy, early in the present century. Mensen first attracted attention by running from London to Portsmouth in nine hours, and soon after he ran from London to Liverpool in thirty-nine hours. Having distinguished himself at the battle of Navarino in 1827, he left the navy and Navarino in 1827, he left the havy and became a professional runner. After winning a number of matches he undertook the feat of running from Paris to Moseow. Starting from the Place Vendome at four o'clock in the afternoon of June 11, 1831, he entered the Kremilie at the o'clock a mono June 25. lin at ten o'clock a.m., on June 25, having accomplished the distance of 1,760 miles in thirteen days and eighteen hours. The employment of Men-sen as a courier extraordinary became a popular amusement in European courts. He ran from country to country, bearing messages of congratula-tions, condolence or despatches, and always beat mounted couriers when matched against them. He never walked but invariably ran, his refreshment being biscuit and raspborry syrup. He took two short rests only in the twenty-four hours. These rests he took stand, four hours. These rests he took stand, ing and leaning against some support at such times he covered his face with a handkerchief and slept. In 1836 while in the employ of the East Indis company, Mensen was charged with the conveying of dispatches from Calcutta to Constantinople, through Central Asia. The distance is 5,615 miles, which the recovery accomplished. which the messenger accomplished in fifty-nine days, or in one-third of the

time taken by the swiftest caravar. At last he was employed to discover the source of the Nile. Setting out from secrets of the business. They, however, after learning his methods, made arrangements with two strangers to go into business in Newark and compete with Solomon. Chanceller Runyon has issued an injunction against them, holding that "a discoverer of a secret process of manufacture, whether patentable or not, has properly therein."—

N. Y. Post.

—There are firms in New York and Philadelphia who hire out clean cuffs and collars.—N. Y. Mail.

wood, used in conjunction with metal.

This composition consists of 100 parts virgin wax, 125 of Gallipol, 200 of Norwegian pitch, 100 of grease, 100 of formed lead, 20 of white lead, these ingredients being mixed together in the order named in a boiler, the guttaperchabeing cut up in small pieces or as for an and thence to Cairo and up the western bank of the river into Upper Egypt. Here, just outside the village of Syang, he was seen to to stop and rest, leaning against a palm the order named in a boiler, the guttaperchabeing cut up in small pieces or as good. The mixture is stirred at each addition and poured into molds. For iron it is melted and haid on with a brush; for stopping holes it is used as a paste.—Boston Transcript. Silesia on May 11, 1843, he ran to Jeru

## Spring Has Come Gentle Annie

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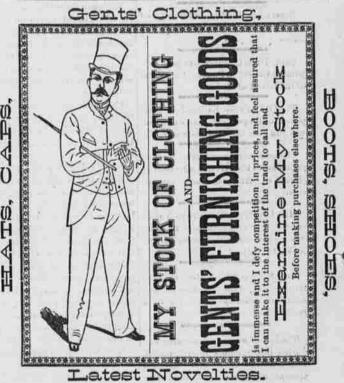
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